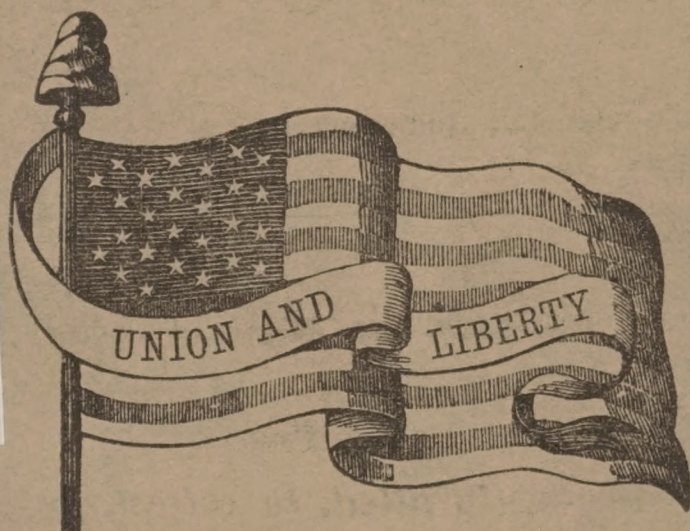


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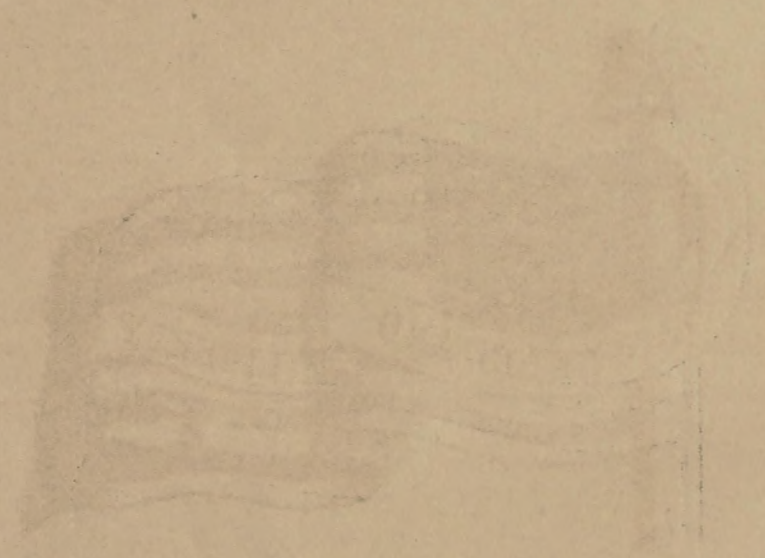
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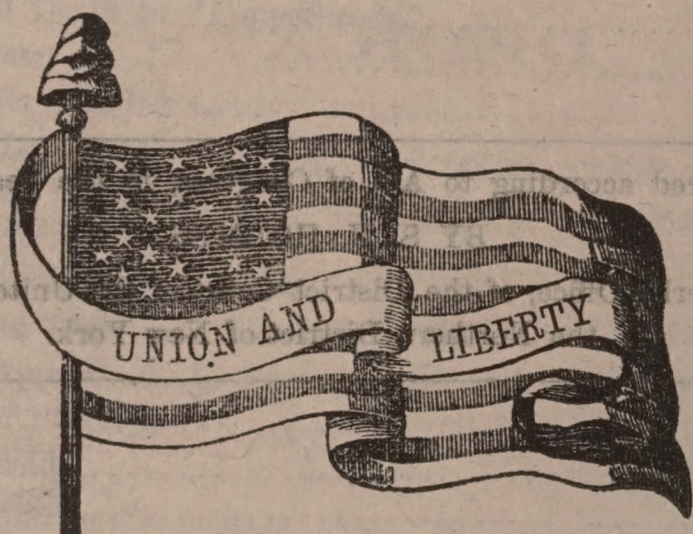
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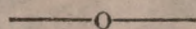
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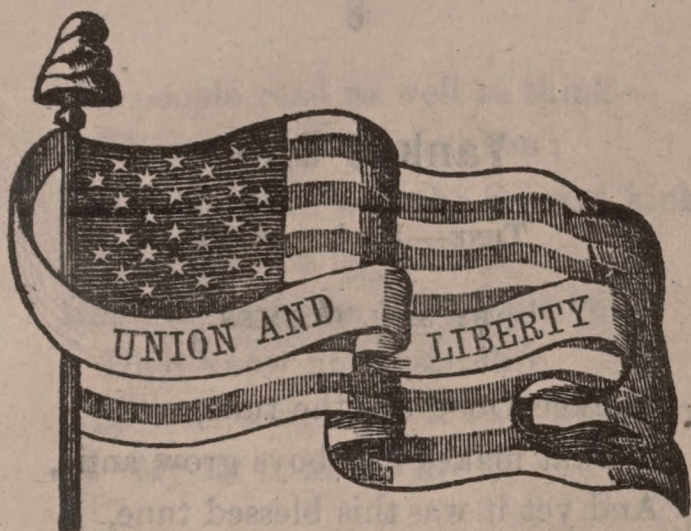
# DEDICATION.

To the memory of the fallen Heroes of our late great Civil War, who went forth to battle and laid down their lives upon the Altar of our Country, that our glorious Union might be preserved, and that the blessings of Liberty and Equal Justice be made perpetual, to all throughout our land, of whatever race or color, these pages are,

Gratefully Dedicated,

BY THE AUTHOR.





## The Monarch of Liberty.

TUNE—*Sound the Loud Timbrel.*

BY S. N. HOLMES.

Shout the glad tidings o'er hill-top and vale,  
Rebellion 's defeated, and Copperheads wail ;  
Shout, for our Union, and Flag as its token—  
The Rebels who fought us though reckless and brave,  
With all of their raving, their power has been broken,  
Their soldiers and horsemen are sunk in the grave.

Praise to our brave soldiers, praise to the Lord,  
Truth was our arrow and right was our sword ;  
Who shall repeat to Rebels the story,  
Of all their vain boasts in the days of their pride,—  
Our Heroes stand forth as the pillars of glory,  
To all who love Freedom, or fought on its side.

Praise to the Ballots, that silently rule,  
And by their decision, is Liberty's school,—  
'Tis our great King,—the grand Monarch of Union,  
To guide our great nation in future long years ;  
Where millions of Sovereigns, have equal communion,  
And none are adjudged, except by his Peers.



## Yankee Bible.

TUNE—*Yankee Doodle.*

BY S. N. HOLMES.

Yankee Doodle is the tune,  
That makes true boys grow antic,  
And yet it was this blessed tune,  
That made the "rebs" so frantic;  
'Twas hard to learn, but just as well,  
For now they know it better,  
OBEY THE LAWS—'tis Freedom's knell,  
*Or wear a felon's fetter.*

This land is ours, from sea to sea,  
The North and South our Union,  
And everywhere shall Freedom dwell,  
And have a free communion.  
A man 's a man what e'er his skin,  
And known by his behavior,  
This TRUTH we learn from Washington,  
And Lincoln was its Savior.

Andy Johnson once went round,  
And tried his hand at preaching;  
But every time and place he spoke,  
— It was like Rebels teaching;  
And so he spoke from place to place,  
With little deviation,  
Except, to add to his disgrace,  
And take his whisky ration.



The people read as well as think—

They can not be mistaken ;

They know full well the Seward kink—

'Tis Presidential Bacon !

But when he sees the people vote,

He'll know he must retire,

And with a sigh you'll hear him quote,

“ My fat is in the fire ! ”

The boys in blue will surely win,

They never will surrender ;

The Flag is their's through thick and thin

And ever they'll defend her.

November next our Union boat

Will hoist the Flag *forever* ;

Then be on hand and cast your vote,

And vote for Traitors—**NEVER !**



## The Battle's Decision.

TUNE—*Chick-a-de-de.*

BY S. N. HOLMES.

Not many years since our people were one,  
And nobody dreamed war could be begun,  
Because by Ballots and Liberty's school,  
Majorities rule, majorities rule,  
For such was the law, majorities rule.

But reptile secession got hold of the South,  
And basely preached treason right out of her mouth,  
"Till at length on Sumter, she began the vile war—  
To make King, Cotton, was what it was for,—  
And a Kingdom of Slavery, was what it was for.

These Rebels had Cotton and Slaves to their back,  
And doughheads up north a slavehunting pack,  
Still made up their minds vile treason to heed,  
That was to secede, that was to secede,  
And break up the Union to compass the deed.

The loyal and brave, resented this deed,  
And answered to this, they'd never agreed;  
Then a million brave men marched into the field,  
And swore, by heaven, that traitors must yield—  
While powder and ball said, traitors must yield.



The battle was waged by day and by night,  
 By Heroes indeed, the black and the white ;  
 While rebels found out that Slavery must die,  
 And traitors hang high, traitors hang high,  
 And reptile Secession forever must die.

The Rebels had'nt heard that tune very long,  
 Ere bullets were singing that Slavery was wrong,  
 And they very soon saw the Flag of the Free  
 Saying, Freedom shall be, Freedom shall be,  
 Forever and ever, Freedom shall be.



## Freedom's Triumph.

TUNE—*When Johnny Comes Marching Home.*

BY S. N. HOLMES.

The glorious cause is on the gain,

Hurrah, Hurrah;

And gives the "Cops" more gripes and pain,

Hurrah, hurrah;

For they well know the die is cast,

The boys in blue will have them fast,

And we'll all feel glad

In hailing the welcome day.

*Chorus*—For they well know the die is cast,

The boys in blue will have them fast,

And we'll all feel glad

In hailing the welcome day.

Election day will come again,

Hurrah, Hurrah;

When Freedom's hosts will sweep the plain,

Hurrah, Hurrah;

And charge the polls with ballots strong,

Where right shall triumph over wrong,

And we'll all feel glad,

In hailing the welcome day.

*Chorus*—And charge the polls, etc.

"Coppers" will sure go up the spout,

Hurrah, Hurrah;

Afflicted with the Rebel gout,

Hurrah, Hurrah;

While boys in blue will all turn out,

And wave the Flag, and sing and shout,



And we'll all feel glad,  
 In hailing the welcome day.  
*Chorus*—While the boys in blue, etc.

Patriots will guard the Ship of State,  
 Hurrah, Hurrah ;  
 And loyal men the nation's fate,  
 Hurrah, Hurrah ;  
 While boys in blue will all turn out,  
 And wave the Flag, and sing and shout,  
 And we'll all feel glad,  
 In hailing the welcome day.  
*Chorus*—While boys in blue, etc..

So when the people come to vote,  
 Hurrah, Hurrah ;  
 Andy will take that salty boat,  
 Hurrah, Hurrah ;  
 While Seward and Randall, and Doolittle, too,  
 Will make a part of his salt river crew,  
 And we'll all feel glad,  
 In hailing the welcome day.  
*Chorus*—While Seward, etc.

Freedom at last will win the day,  
 Hurrah, Hurrah ;  
 And Slavery's curse shall pass away,  
 Hurrah, Hurrah ;  
 With Grant on shore, and Farragut the sea,  
 We'll sing the song—FOREVER FREE!  
 And we'll all feel glad,  
 In hailing the welcome day,  
*Chorus*—With Grant, etc.



# The Re-Inauguration of President Lincoln.\*

BY S. N. HOLMES.

Eventful day—the morning sun  
Came not to smile on any one,  
While cheerless rain and darkened clouds,  
Entombed all hopes in somber shrouds.

The marshalled hosts despite the day,  
Were formed in line in bright array—  
To martial airs stepped soldiers true,  
With bayonets bright, and dress of blue.

The Heroes brave, from battle field,  
With honored scars, to danger steeled—  
Their hopes renewed—and vowed on high—  
The Union live—Rebellion die.

The old and young, the weak and strong,  
Made up in part the countless throng—  
The tender youth, and aged sire,  
Were gathered at this council fire.

At length at noon, the genial sun,  
As if to join the work begun,  
Sent forth his rays, both far and wide,  
In aid to do the nation's pride.

Then Lincoln rose, surveyed the scene,  
With eagle eye and solemn mein,  
With manly form and honest face,  
Both dignified by nature's grace.

---

\* Written on the eve of March 4th, 1865, after listening to the Re-inauguration Address of President Lincoln.



'Twas then he spoke, with plain address,  
 In clearest tone of war's distress,  
 That widows, orphans, each must share,  
 The nation's aid, and nation's care.

And if be sunk all wealth so gained,  
 Which bondsmen's toil and lash attained,  
 And only blood can buy release,  
 That we may then, have lasting peace.

He'd fondly hope and fervent pray,  
 The scourge of war might pass away,  
 Yet, if it be the will of God,  
 We still must bear the chastening rod.

The Cabinet stood by his side,  
 As sponsors to a chieftain tried,  
 With Judges grave, in Courtly gown,  
 And Sovereigns too, without a crown.

With firm resolve to do the right  
 In peace or war, with giant might,  
 On open Bible laid his hand,  
 And co-extensive, like our land.

Of stalwart form, Chief Justice Chase,  
 With honor, to himself and race,  
 Then gave the oath, 'mid solemn awe,  
 For Union, Liberty, and Law.

WASHINGTON, March 4, 1865.



## The Soldier's Resolve.

*TUNE—Rally Around the Flag, Boys.*

BY S. N. HOLMES.

We will come from the mountain, and come from the plain,  
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom ;  
And we'll battle for the right, again and again,  
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

*Chorus*—Freedom forever ! Hurrah, boys, hurrah !  
Load with the ballot and charge on the foe ;  
While we gather at the polls in the sun or in the rain,  
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

We will rally at the polls, and we'll rally as before,  
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom ;  
For we mean to do it well, and to last for evermore,  
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

*Chorus*—Freedom forever ! etc.

We are bound to save the Union, at home as in the field,  
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom ;  
For Grant will take the lead, and we know he never 'll yield,  
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

*Chorus*—Freedom forever ! etc.



We will vote as we fought, for the Union and the Slave,  
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom;

And we ever will defend, the loyal, true and brave,  
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

*Chorus*—Freedom forever! etc.

We will stand by our cause whoever may oppose,  
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom;

And we'll give the "Coppers" gout, and all our other foes,  
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

*Chorus*—Freedom forever! etc.

We will vote equal rights for all who behave,

Shouting the battle cry of Freedom,

And we yield to nothing less, while this side of the grave,  
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom,

*Chorus*—Freedom forever! etc.

We will stand to our guns, when ballots cease to rule,

Shouting the battle cry of Freedom,

For Liberty is ours, and Justice is our school,

Shouting the battle cry of Freedom,

*Chorus*—Freedom forever! etc.



# The Election and Death to "Copperheads."

BY S. N. HOLMES.

The battle's o'er, the battle's o'er,  
We've met and fought the foe once more—  
The battle raged from early dawn,  
And lasted till the setting sun.

The Freemen left their daily toil—  
Some came from lands of flowing oil;  
We met the foe right at the polls,  
And drove the "Coppers" to their holes.

Before the day, at evening late,  
To give them warning of their fate,  
The snow was spread on every street  
As if to be *their winding sheet*.

They fought us bravely, but no use  
For them to try in Syracuse,  
Where Freemen came from Union League,  
Joined hand in hand to bear fatigue.

So when a General\* left our cause—  
Seduced by office, flimsy gauze,  
And left *our ranks* to gain the place—  
An honest private *filled the space*.

---

\* General Slocum, who accepted the "Democratic" nomination for Secretary of State, (*and got beat.*)



Our pickets true on each advance  
*They longed in vain* the aid of France,  
 But when they met our mighty Host—  
 Wiggling their tails, gave up the ghost.

Thus into power again to ride,  
 All subtle arts they have applied ;  
 Now gone at last, their days are o'er,  
 They can't deceive the people more.

We'd gladly take them by the hand,  
 And have them join our Union band ;  
 But if they will persist in wrong,  
 Let Satan take them with his prong.

Farewell, farewell ; good-bye, good-bye—  
 The time has come for them to die ;  
 And while 'tis hard to bear their fate,  
 We'll leave them at the Devil's gate.



## Treason's Fate.

TUNE—*A Thousand Years, etc.*

BY S. N. HOLMES.

Rebels made war to build up Slavery,  
Murdered and robbed to serve their cause ;  
Starved our brave boys, acting like demons,  
Venting with hate their savage laws.

*Chorus*—Ages to come this land's for Freemen,  
Freemen shall rule our wide domain ;  
Hail the glad morn of Freedom's sunlight  
Heroes have won, for Freedom's reign.

Soldiers stood firm guarding our Union,  
Sacred to all who love our land ;  
Plighting their vows on Freedom's altar—  
Giving their lives to stay up its hand.

*Chorus*—Ages to come, etc.

Aided by Grant down went rebellion,  
With it, its sire, foul Slavery, too ;  
Scourged by dread war and Freemen's bonfires,  
Was what they gained—from boys in blue.

*Chorus*—Ages to come, etc.

Numberless years poor Andy Johnson,  
Left to his fate, and name forgot ;  
Heroes will seek his tombstone *never* !  
But pass him by—nor heed the spot.

*Chorus*—Ages to come, etc.



By men despised, by children hated,—  
 Shrouded by woes which *he* gave birth,—  
 Leprous he's proved to Freeman's birthright,  
*Poisoning at last, his mother earth.*

*Chorus*—Ages to come, etc.

Colfax and Chase, Sumner and Stevens,  
 Conkling and Speed, Trumbull and Nye,  
 Glistening as stars ere morning twilight,  
 Brighten our hopes in Freedom's sky.

*Chorus*—Ages to come, etc.

Thousands of years for martyred Lincoln,  
 Patriots will weep affections' tears ;  
 Brighter than gold, or sparkling diamonds,  
 HIS NAME, SHALL LIVE FOR ENDLESS YEARS.

*Chorus*—Ages to come, etc.



## Brigade Order, No. 4.\*

BY S. N. HOLMES.

Come all the world from far—between,  
And read the Order of Gen. Green—  
The famous Order, so valiant made  
To the 24th New York Brigade.

From sea to sea, from shore to shore,  
Come read this Order, Number 4 ;  
Ye patriot sons—and all mankind—  
Behold, behold the Giant mind.

The sections down to Number 6,  
Might e'en have come from General Dix,  
But then and there, the cat comes out,  
And tells us what the General's about.

'Tis here he makes his certain speech,  
While some would say he tries to preach,  
And shadows forth, with solemn strain,  
Just where the GRIPES, *create the pain*.

That he desires Rebellion crushed,  
And Treason vile forever hushed,  
Is not said here—his dire distress  
Seems in behalf of Treason's Press.

---

\*The Military Order of Brigadier General JOHN A. GREEN, in 1864, on taking command of the State Militia by direction of Governor Seymour, to repel an anticipated Rebel raid from Canada upon our Northern frontier.



No thought is breathed in Freedom's cause—  
 To save the Union and the Laws,  
 But speaks right out, as clear as mud,  
 That he's just like "Fernandy Wud."

That in this war, the South was right,  
 And Rebels had good cause to fight;  
 As if to say, "we're Union men,"  
 When "*we*" can rule, *and only then*.

Alas! Alas! it's come to this,  
 While blood still flows, the vipers hiss—  
 The glorious Union still survives,  
 Sustained by Patriots' precious lives.



## Democrats' Last Ditch.

TUNE—*I wish I was in Dixie.*

BY S. N. HOLMES.

We're glad that Welles and Dixon's got 'em,  
Down in their State, both top and bottom,  
That is so, that is so, that is so, happy land.  
For grand-pa Welles is good at nursing,  
And Dixon too, at re-imbursing,  
That is so, that is so, that is so, happy land.

*Chorus*—'Tis such joy to live with Yankees,  
Hooray! Hooray!  
And in that State their fate now hangs—  
To win, or die, with Johnson, away, away,  
Away down there with Johnson, away, away,  
Away down there with Johnson.

That Dixie tune is the tune they're singing,  
Whose "Copper" tones they're loudly ringing.  
That is so, etc.  
One English is, their last god-father,  
While Cleveland does, their postage gather,  
That is so, etc.

*Chorus*—'Tis such joy, etc.

Their drink 's Benzine and Salty water,  
And "Tangle-foot," that's what's the matter,  
That is so, etc.  
They live on shrimps right from the ocean,  
And buy and sell some Yankee notion,  
That is so, etc.

*Chorus*—'Tis such joy, etc.



Connecticut is where they're nesting,  
Which looks to *them* so interesting,  
That is so, etc.

Our Hawley true, will keep them stirring  
While Ferry 'll give, them constant spurring,  
That is so, etc.

*Chorus*—'Tis such joy, etc.

They're trying there by incubation,  
To breed anew and rule the nation,  
That is so, etc.

As Democrats have ceased begetting,  
*We're 'fraid their hen will die a setting,*  
That is so, etc.

*Chorus*—'Tis such joy, etc.



## The "Kanuck" Invasion—(in 1864.)

BY S. N. HOLMES.

Ah, ah! Oh, oh! What signs are these,  
That come from out the Northern breeze,  
The Governor says, in Northern sky,  
Our Union Guards,\* must do or die.

The border lines, we now have seen,  
He's placed in charge of Gen. Green,  
To make all haste to meet the foe,  
And send him down—way down below.

The General, down to Captain Leach,†  
Will charge at sight in every breach;  
With whetted edge and sharpened sword,  
They'll go to meet the Rebel horde.

And when the paunch begins to fail,  
They'll charge and charge on Greenway's ale,  
The privates, too, with Gen'ral's Staff,  
Will conquer quick the 'alf-and-'alf.

---

\* A Militia company in Syracuse.

† Of the General's Staff.



They 'll then surround the "Brewin' " \* fort,  
 And guard full well each inner court ;  
 And like some aged male tom-cats,  
 They 'll charge on rats ! on rats !! on rats !!!

The Rebel foe, how quick they 'll flee,  
 Away down south to General Lee ;  
*Vallandigham* will guide them through,  
 Because to them *he's ever true*.

And when they 've charged the Northern shores,  
 And vanquished all Kirkpatrick's† stores,  
 They 'll then come home—as come they must—  
 All covered o'er with glorious dust.

What shouts then 'll go up for Seymour,  
 Who's saved the State from Rebel tremor—  
 Placed laurels 'round the soldier's brow,  
 Who charged the coast and took—a cow.

O, glorious State ! O, glorious fame !  
 With every foe it's all the same,  
 But speak the word—the foe gives way,  
 Our might shines forth like blaze of day.

---

\* Fort Brewerton, at the foot of Oneida Lake, built in the old French war.

† Quartermaster of Staff.



## Mistaken Hopes.

TUNE—*Revolutionary Tea.*

BY S. N. HOLMES.

There once were two sister's came over the sea  
 And settled America's shore,  
 Yet sadly indeed, they couldn't agree  
 For proud Miss South hankered for more ;  
 She already had her niggers and gold  
 And lands reaching far from the sea,  
 Still she demanded with impudence bold  
 Miss North should her slave-catcher be.  
 Miss North should her slave-catcher be,

Miss South had cotton to back up her will,  
 And hoe-cake with bacon to eat,  
 Besides Tobacco and "darkies" her fill,  
 To flog, and to wash well her feet,  
 Still she called on Miss North to help her still more,  
 And bring back her negroes that flee,  
 Because 'twas expensive to do it herself,  
 Or in letting the slaves go free,  
 Or in letting the slaves go free.

Her sister, Miss North, less troubled with pride,  
 Lived more by the sweat of her brow,  
 And labored each day and evening beside  
 On land and milking the cow,



While now and then, some in factories you'd find,  
 A spinning and weaving the wool,  
 And some teaching youth what's useful to learn,  
 That the law with Freedom must rule,  
 That the law with Freedom must rule.

Not content in having the best of the rope,  
 Miss South then resolved to secede,  
 And brought on the war with mistaken hope,  
 That Miss North would sanction the deed,  
 But very soon learned that Cotton wan't king,  
 And that all of her Slaves were free!  
 So, in sorrow and sack-cloth now she must sing,  
*Secession*, it never can be,  
 No never, no never can be.



## The Peace Convention.\*

BY S. N. HOLMES.

In August now, full eighteen days  
Have passed beyond our vision's gaze.  
From all the rest it is the last,  
Our bleeding country stands aghast!

Such Treason talked in Syracuse!  
By such a crew, such vile abuse,  
With brazen face and blood-shot eye—  
Not fit to live, nor fit to die.

And shall we e'er be ruled again  
(From New York sinks) by such vile men?  
And reap disunion peace therefor?  
WE'D BETTER WAGE ETERNAL WAR.

Fernandy and his trait'rous crew  
Had come to put themselves right through,  
And pave the way out west all straight,  
And make each one a delegate.

And while you thought they'd come to hug,  
With doubled fists they went kerchug,  
And struck right in each other's face  
Which caused to some A CHANGE OF BASE.

The kind of Union they would make  
Would give all hell the belly-ache—  
Rotgut and oaths the constant sauce,  
With riding on the Rebel "hoss."

---

\* "Peace Convention," so called, held at Syracuse, N. Y., Aug. 18, 1864.



What care they for human woe?  
 Who dwell with demons down below—  
 Whose only thought and only care,  
 That they may get the lion's share.

So little feelings have they got,  
 They 'd let the poor both die and rot;  
 The blacks and whites they always shave,  
 And treat them both just like a slave.

Good Lord! deliver human kind  
 From Earth and Hell thereby combined,  
 And give these all the fate Goliah,  
 Or else be placed where was Uriah.

The Only Wise, who knows their dreams,  
 Will scatter wide their hellish schemes,  
 Preserve our Union from the grave,  
 And give us peace, WITHOUT A SLAVE.



## The False and True.

TUNE—*The Bonnie Blue Flag.*

BY S. N. HOLMES.

The Union is indeed preserved  
 And slavery's power has fled,  
 For soldiers brave our country served  
 And Treason's cause is dead,  
 The "darkies" true, have got to be free,  
 And their wool is no disgrace,  
 For conduct now 's the rule to be,  
 And not the shade of face.

*Chorus*—Hurra, hurra, for our glorious land, hurra,  
 Hurra for our beautiful dear old flag  
 With Freedom in every star.

In sixty-eight true ballots will,  
 Decide by the brave and free,  
 Our President the next four years—  
 And a Traitor cannot be.  
 The Loyal's voice throughout the land  
 Shall wield the scepter then,  
 And none can gain that summit grand,  
 But a truly loyal man.

*Chorus*—Hurra, hurra, etc.

Slave-holders' rule is gone for good,  
 And never can have their will  
 To call their slaves, as said they should,  
 At the foot of Bunker Hill ;



While Toombs and Wise, as other men,  
 Must paddle their own canoe,  
 And now by toil must start again,  
 As all were born to do.

*Chorus*—Hurra, hurra, etc.

'Twas once they ruled with whip and thong,  
 And cat-'o-nine tails too,  
 While now they hope to rule with wrong  
 By fawning friendship true ;  
 But by and by they'll find it out  
 That the "darkies" are no fools,  
 And never can be turned about,  
 Or longer, slavery's tools.

*Chorus*—Hurra, hurra, etc.

The answers that the black men gave  
 To the speech of Gov'nor Worth,\*  
 In thunder-tones, as Freemen brave,  
 Bespeak true Freedom's birth,  
 That they well know what's subterfuge,  
 And what is common sense,  
 That sophistry, *they too*, can Judge,  
*And what is false pretense.*

*Chorus*—Hurra, hurra, etc.

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\* Recent speech of Governor Worth to the Colored citizens at Raleigh, North Carolina.



## Freemens' Appeal.

TUNE—*Come to the Sunset Tree.*

BY S. N. HOLMES.

Come, come, come, and join our Union Band,  
 To swell the loyal votes,  
 And sweep again this land  
 Of "copper" rebel goats ;  
 They still are lurking round,  
 And claim for Union's sake,  
 But when the truth is found,  
 We find they 're "copper"-snakes.

Come, come, come—behold the Starry Flag,  
 Its emblems pure and true,  
 It speaks that ALL are free,  
 No matter what their hue ;  
 Its Stars are all the States,  
 Its Stripes present the view,  
 That it outlived the fates,  
 Preserved by the Boys in Blue.

Come, come, come—remember Gettysburg !  
 Where soldiers led the van,  
 And kept the foe at bay,  
 These true and noble men ;  
 The battle lasted long,  
 And thousands breathed no more,  
 But Freeman, true and strong,  
 Drove traitors from our shore.



Come, come, come—your country calls you now,  
 And speaks to not delay,  
 To loyal sons come forth,  
 And wipe the stains away.  
 The rebels don't repent,  
 Assassinate our friends,  
 And give their venom vent,  
 To serve their hellish ends.

Come, come, come—the Union we'll preserve,  
 And guard its walls around  
 With Freeman's will and nerve,  
 And foes shall strew the ground.  
 Our rights the sword shall guard,  
 And Ballots save our cause,  
 Or ever being marred,  
 From Demon Slavery's laws.



## The Death of Slavery.

BY S. N. HOLMES.

Let go the brakes, put on the steam !  
And give the whistle's wildest scream !  
The cause of war, will soon be o'er—  
We've struck at length, *its very core.*

The direst curse is pierced at last,  
Its dark life-blood is ebbing fast—  
Those giant strokes, that Congress gave,  
Will lay it in its final grave.

The Union Hosts, its doors unbarred,  
And probed it well, and pressed it hard—  
Broke off its bolts, unlocked its chains,  
And reinstored its wide domains.

The vilest born beneath the sun,  
Has now its race so nearly run,  
Both old and young, let all rejoice,  
And shout aloud one Union voice.

The meanest reptile nature gives—  
The greatest knave on earth that lives—  
And sun and moon, and stars and sky  
Behold that now, must Slavery die.

What woes unnumbered has it brought—  
What demon spirits it has taught—  
What world-wide ruin it has made—  
What desolation it has laid.



All language fails to speak its shame,  
 Or tell its wrongs, or give it name—  
 For ages past, has every crime  
 Been covered by its very slime.

*The true*, but poor and dusky race,  
 Shall fix the Demon's resting place—  
 A place well down in lowest Hell  
 Where extinct foes of Freedom dwell.

To ABRAHAM—in vain he'll call  
 To get relief—get none at all—  
 No water drops shall quench his thirst,  
 But let the Devil do his worst.

We'll view with joy each writhing pain,  
 In Hell's red fire with ancient Cain,  
 And laugh to see his dying gasp,  
 As Satan takes him in his grasp.

The World shall join the great acclaim;  
 And Angels too, will do the same—  
 Eternal God, has made Decree  
 Henceforth be One, and Ever Free.

February 22, 1865.



# Johnson's Perfidy.

TUNE—*Old Dog Tray.*

BY S. N. HOLMES.

The day of hope is past and Johnson's out at last,  
And Thad's on his track to keep the foe at bay—  
Of many shades 'tis seen, and putrid poison green,  
Leeching from that false Andy J.

*Chorus*—Old Andy J.'s proved faithless,  
Time, it will take him away,  
He's a foe to mankind, to reason he is blind—  
*A circled mind*—poor old Andy J.

The hopes we had in him have vanished one by one,  
From first to the last have now all passed away,  
Our strongest faith has fled all confidence is dead,  
And nothing left but just Andy J.

*Chorus*—Old Andy J., etc.

When thoughts bring back the past our mind is overcast  
With gloom and sorrow o'er our Union's martyred  
dead,  
Whose blanched and deathly cheek in silent voices speak  
A bitter foe, has proved Andy J.

*Chorus*—Old Andy J., etc.



## The Ballots' War.

TUNE—*When I Can Read My Title Clear.*

BY S. N. HOLMES.

The rebel game is now no more,  
For Ballots and the Field,  
In thunder-tones, their echoes roar  
That Patriots will not yield.

The Ballot has again been tried,  
And speaks with solemn voice,  
That Freedom is the Nation's pride—  
For this true hearts rejoice.

The Soldiers' tramp no more is heard,  
Nor is the shrieking shell—  
The Rebel foe they've now interred,  
*And they have done it well.*

If Seward takes the "Coppers'" side,  
Or Weed corrupts with gold,  
The Union Hosts, both true and tried,  
CANNOT BE BOUGHT NOR SOLD.

Let Congress now with wisdom bind,  
And make their work so strong,  
That Black or White, and all mankind,  
Shall have redress from wrong.

November 10, 1865.



# The Soldiers' Hope.

TUNE—*Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.*

BY S. N. HOLMES.

On the battle field we stood,  
And we fought the rebel foe,  
Where our blood ran down upon the horrid plain,  
Yet we made them bite the dust,  
Till at last we won the day,  
And we mean that now it shall not be in vain.

*Chorus*—Hope, hope, hope, the morn is dawning,  
Cheer up my boys, the day will come,  
And with Grant to guide the helm,  
We will save our cause again,  
And we'll make our land a truly *Freemen's home*.

We have soldiered on the field,  
And we've lived amid the storm,  
Where no shelter saved us from the drifting snow,  
Still we bore the Flag aloft,  
And we never stopped to warm,  
Though our limbs were chilled so we could scarcely go

*Chorus*—Hope, hope, hope, etc.

We have slept upon the ground,  
And we've starved in prisons vile,  
Where as Traitors meant, so many thousands died,  
Who from ghastly hunger's pain,—  
And to see their friends again,—  
And from death, in vain their helpless victims cried.

*Chorus*—Hope, hope, hope, etc.



Its no matter who 's the foe,  
 Whether rich, or learned, or wise,  
 He must live and learn, the law he must obey ;  
 For as loyal, brave and free,  
 We 'll preserve our Union prize,  
 From all foes that live, or fill a soldier's grave.

*Chorus*—Hope, hope, hope, etc.

So we'll gather at the polls,  
 And regardless what the day,  
 We will vote aright to save the Union free ;  
 While in Congress we have faith,  
 That they'll wisely guard the way,  
 And will never yield to "I" or "My" decree.

*Chorus*—Hope, hope, hope, etc.



## Justice at Last.

TUNE—*Hark, From the Tombs a Doleful Sound.*

BY S. N. HOLMES.

Hark, from the South a wailing sound,  
Our ears receive the cry ;  
Ye Slavery men come view the ground,  
Whose cause must surely die.

Two hundred years you 've had your sway,  
And ruled with whip and thong,  
But time reveals you 've had your day,  
And vengeance pays the wrong.

You 've scourged the weak and helpless slave,  
To vent your passions vile,  
But Justice now has dug your grave,  
And Freedom brings her smile.

Justice at last has made your bed,  
In spite of all your powers ;  
That power is gone, your rule is dead,  
And Freedom's law is ours.

Grant used his power with sternest grace,  
To fit your cause to die ;  
And Sherman spurred you in the race,  
Ere he, bid you good-bye.



At Gettysburgh our Heroes brave  
 With Meade to lead the van,  
 Beat back the foe, and dug their grave,  
 Except, *for those who ran.*

And so it was, when Richmond fell,  
 The Rebel hosts of Lee  
 Resisted hard, and fought us well,  
 But yet, *they had to flee.*

Thus it shall be the certain doom  
 Of every wrong at last,  
 And each shall find its cursed tomb,  
 With blackness overcast.



## Election's Strife.

TUNE—*L. M.*

BY S. N. HOLMES.

Election came, as years before,  
No battle's din, nor cannon's roar—  
But Ballots now, were made to say,  
Which cause should win, or lose the day.

The morning sun brought forth its smile,  
As if to "Copperheads" beguile,  
And lure them forth from out their holes,  
*So we could thrash them at the polls.*

Then through the day all nature smiled,  
And law and order, primed and iled,  
Brought forth its fruits in loyal votes,  
And so laid out the "copper" goats.

With Freeman's zeal, both hard and well  
We worked from morn till evening bell ;  
Meanwhile our foes with equal pace  
Strained every chord to win the race.

We gave them tinctured Creosote,  
That killed their nerves through every vote ;  
These Ballot pills with Freedom true  
Brought on their gripes, *and death pains too.*



And when at length, near setting sun,  
 They saw their cause had not been won,  
 Their corner mouths were well turned down,  
*Just like a fish about to drown.*

'Twas even pain to draw their breath,  
 As they foresaw their certain death,  
 Yet such was fate, decreed by God,  
 And slain by his avenging rod.

The Loyal Brave will rule the day,  
 While "Copperheads" must hide away,  
 And learn by fasting and defeats,  
*The place for them is on back seats.*

November 7, 1866.



## Liberty's School.

TUNE—*Old Grumble is Dead.*

BY S. N. HOLMES.

Rebellion is crushed, down under the rod,  
Hem—ha—down under the rod—  
Which Freemen brought forth from out of the North,  
Hem—ha—out of the North.

The Rebels die hard, as "Copper-snakes" do,  
Hem—ha—"Copper-snakes" do,  
But the harder they die, the less we shall cry,  
Hem—ha—the less we shall cry.

Seward will fail for want of true sail,  
Hem—ha—want of true sail,  
In President's House "nix cum a rouse,"  
Hem—ha—"nix cum a rouse."

Randall and Weed, turned "Copperhead" seed,  
Hem—ha—"Copperhead" seed,  
They're running a muck, and bound to be stuck,  
Hem—ha—bound to be stuck.

Doolittle, too, will find it won't do,  
Hem—ha—find it won't do,  
Cowan is cast, and trembling aghast,  
Hem—ha—trembling aghast.



Raymond went out, and then he came back,  
 Hem—ha—then he came back,  
 Like the dove from the ark, he found it all dark,  
 Hem—ha—found it all dark.

They 've all got to learn the People discern,  
 Hem—ha—the People discern,  
 For Freedom they fought, while Rebels they shot,  
 Hem—ha—Rebels they shot.

Here 's Liberty's school, and Freedom shall rule,  
 Hem—ha—Freedom shall rule,  
 And Slavery shall die, and Traitors hang high,  
 Hem—ha—Traitors hang high.



## Freemen's Rule.

TUNE—*From Greenland's Icy Mountains.*

BY S. N. HOLMES.

From Maine's cold rugged mountains,  
 From Georgia's arid sand,  
 Let bright and crystal fountains,  
 Roll down to bless the land ;  
 On many a noble river,  
 On many a green clad plain,  
 Did noble men deliver,  
 Our land from Slavery's chain.

'Tis true red war has blighted,  
 And thousands breathe no more,  
 But Freedom's fires are lighted,  
 From North to Southern shore ;  
 The vipers stung with treason,  
 And fiends made prison hells,  
 But right triumphed with reason,  
 And Sovereign Freedom dwells.

Rebellion is defeated,  
 And Treason hides away,  
 While Rebels are back seated,  
 Past resurrection day ;  
 Too long had they been nursing,  
 Too long had they their will,  
 While now they live by cursing  
 The brave, they could not kill.



'Wave, wave, on high the glory,  
 And let the surges roll,  
 Let tempest's waft the story,  
 Till heard from pole to pole ;  
 That Freedom is forever—  
 That Slavery is no more—  
 Vile Traitors rule us—NEVER!  
 BUT FREEMEN EVERMORE.



# Reconstruction.

("IN ESSE.")

TUNE—*Coronation.*

BY S. N. HOLMES.

Rebellion's grist with all its woe  
 Can never more combine;  
 Our Union Mill, though grinding slow,  
 Will surely grind it fine;  
 Our Union Mill, though grinding slow,  
 Will surely grind it fine.

Jeff. Davis has, *through friendly bail*  
 Got loose, and running round;  
 But thousands dead, with spirits wail,  
 Will haunt him from the ground;  
 But thousands dead, with spirits wail,  
 Will haunt him from the ground.

Phil. Sheridan, in New Orleans,  
 Has got the reptile tight;  
 And though its tail, there's life still seen,  
*It surely cannot bite;*  
 And though its tail, there's life still seen,  
*It surely cannot bite.*

They learn out West, from Gen'ral Ord  
 That Justice is the law;  
 And black or white, get like accord,  
 'Way down in "Arkansaw;"  
 And black or white, get like accord,  
 'Way down in "Arkansaw."



Scofield has taught the F. F. V's,  
 That Freedom is a fact ;  
 And now they learn its A. B. C's,  
 And get just what they lacked ;  
 And now they learn its A. B. C's  
 And get just what they lacked.

Dan. Sickles, too, at Charleston Bay,  
 Will help Secession die ;  
 And Pope will help it every day,  
*For Satan's final fry ;*  
 And Pope will help it every day,  
*For Satan's final fry.*



## The Joys of Peace.

TUNE—*Antioch.*

BY S. N. HOLMES.

Joy to our land for Peace has come,  
And come at last to stay,  
While hills and plains, and vineclad fields,  
All hail the joyful day.

Joy to our race, the war is o'er,  
Let all be glad again;  
Let every heart rejoice still more,  
And welcome Freedom's reign.

No more is heard the cannon's roar  
Amid the battle's strife—  
Nor wailing groans, as oft before,  
Foretell the end of life.

Begone life's clouds, away, away,  
Let music fill the air;  
Each spear is now a pruning hook,  
And every sword, a "share."

No more shall flow life's blood like rain,  
Where thousands breathe no more;  
Nor shattered limbs, nor deadly pain,  
Shall knock at every door.

War's orphans still must be our care,  
Their wants and hunger stayed  
While Freedom's blessings everywhere,  
Will dwell 'midst sun and shade.



No more shall wrongs impede our way,  
And make divisions wide,  
But all mankind before the law,  
Shall now, stand side by side.

Fair Freedom rules, and evermore  
Her smiles on every hand,  
From North to South, from East to West,  
Have come to bless our land.



## The Modern Solon.\*

TUNE—*I Am Monarch of All I Survey.*

BY S. N. HOLMES.

A great Solon's digested the law,  
His "writ," there is none will deny,  
'Twas *his wisdom* discovered the flaw,  
And knocked the whole law into pi;  
The great end that Congress designed  
To shelter the loyal and free,  
Has all been absorbed by *his mind*,  
And nought now is left, one can see.

Stanberry a-lawyer 'tis said,  
Is the man so wordy and wise,  
Who *producted* just what he has bred,  
A compound of subtlety's lies;  
He well knows what he's said isn't so,  
For Congress had made it all plain,  
To all who are loyal and true,  
*That Traitors SHAN'T RULE there again*

He's distanced e'en Webster and Choate,  
By wisdom that's extra profound,  
While his echoes are heard far remote,  
And his name too, *is hissed all around*;  
He has changed a plain law right about,  
And has left, but a part of a piece,  
He has taken its "inards" all out,  
And leaves, *a mere force of Police.*

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\* Written after reading Stanberry's recent opinion on the Reconstruction Law of the last Congress.



That such fools were our Congress indeed,  
 Presuming rebellion had been,  
 Or attempting to govern its breed—  
 Or curing its traitorous bane ;  
 That it's all out of Thaddeus' reach,  
 So it's useless to struggle or groan ;  
 For those States are all right, *is his preach,—*  
*Yet Treason, is still their back-bone.*

Like Selkirk, when shipwrecked at sea,  
*He's shipwrecked and foundered at home,*  
 Like A. Johnson, an outcast he'll be,  
 Beneath fair Liberty's Dome ;  
 Both out of humanity's reach,  
 They must wander, and go it alone,  
 For 'tis kindred to Treason they preach,  
*And putrid to Freedom, its tone.*

But remember, that Justice is near,  
 And the nation won't suffer this wrong,  
 Such edicts, as Tyrants, round here,  
 No, never ! can last very long ;  
 Like thunders burst forth in the sky,  
 Like lightnings' forked tongues in the air,  
 The wrath of Just vengeance is nigh—  
**LET TRAITORS, LET TRAITORS, BEWARE.**



## Election in Tennessee.

TUNE—*Oh! Susannah, Don't You Cry.*

BY S. N. HOLMES.

Election, just the other day

Was held in Tennessee,

And though the "Rebs" tried hard to win,

They could n't come to tea;

They tried to make the "darkies" vote

To be their slaves again,

But true and brave, they saw the deal

And met their foes like men.

*Chorus*—Oh, ho, Andy,

How Happy you must be,

To see old Parson Brownlow

So run in Tennessee.

Although you said you'd Moses be,

They know you never will,

For they well know your greatest fort,

Is drinking whisky still;

'Tis practice now that's real guide,

And not what one may say,

And so they've laid you out one side

To moulder into clay.

*Chorus*—Oh, ho, Andy, etc.

We heard you speak in Senate Hall

In eighteen sixty-one,

Bold words for Right and Freedom true

When thousands cheered you on;

But now, alas, the other side

Give you their fond embrace;

And now instead the nation's pride,

*You're proving her disgrace.*

*Chorus*—Oh, ho, Andy, etc.



You told Joe Lane of Oregon,  
 He soon would pass that door;  
 And twelve o'clock would be the time,  
 Then never come back more;  
 Yet strange it is that you won't see  
 That you like him must go;  
 For now your State has spurned you too,  
*And soon you'll reap her woe.*

*Chorus*—Oh, ho, Andy, etc.

'Twas grandest scene in modern times  
 For blacks but lately free  
 With freemen's guard through ballots shield  
 So vote in Tennessee;  
 Their dusky forms in single file,  
 And hundreds in a line,  
 Marched to the polls in quiet step  
 WITH MANHOOD'S RIGHT DIVINE.

*Chorus*—Oh, ho, Andy, etc.

The Rebels may still curse and swear,  
 And turn the blacks away,  
 Their viper's tooth is harmless now  
 And now's their turn to pray;  
 Free ballot pills brought on the gripes  
 And cleft their strength in twain,  
 And though they howl like famished beasts,  
*It won't relieve their pain.*

*Chorus*—Oh, ho, Andy,  
 How blinded you must be,  
 To think you're Andrew Jackson,  
 As Andrew used to be.



## The Last Usurper.

TUNE—*Old Dan Tucker.*

BY S. N. HOLMES.

Our White House Tenant proves a man,  
Who rules to ruin all he can,  
And tries to make it all his way,  
Regardless what the People say.

*Chorus*—Get out of the way you great deceiver,  
Get out of the way you great deceiver,  
Get out of the way you great deceiver,  
*Ere you're cut down by Freedom's Cleaver.*

He does n't stop for right or law,  
But stretches forth his savage claw,  
And seeks to kill all who oppose,  
Or who won't stoop to kiss his toes.

*Chorus*—Get out of the way, etc.

Though Stanton's proved both true and brave,  
You're trying now to dig his grave;  
But you'll find out, *you're in the mire,*  
While he'll be called to come up higher.

*Chorus*—Get out of the way, etc.

Phil Sheridan did all things well  
And rung to Rebels, FREEDOM'S BELL;  
Yet he's turned out to vent your spite  
Because he's true to black and white.

*Chorus*—Get out of the way, etc.



When Congress meets, *your race is run*,  
 And all your crimes each one by one,  
 Will then be spread before the world,  
 And from your seat you'll soon be hurled.

*Chorus*—Get out of the way, etc.

What midnight visions course your brain,—  
 What Demon Spirits run your train—  
 What bitter wormwood mixed with gall,  
 Will be your potion when you fall.

*Chorus*—Get out of the way, etc.

Like Satan's crimes of every grade—  
 Like Judas who his Lord betrayed—  
 Like Arnold too, your blackened name,  
 Will e'er be spoken *to your shame*.

*Chorus*—Get out of the way, etc.



# Political Millennium.\*

("IN POSSE.")

TUNE—*Common Meter.*

BY S. N. HOLMES.

That coming time and future day,  
 May be 'tis near at hand;  
 When hue, and sex, have equal sway,  
 The same throughout our land.

No custom's stale nor legal lore,  
 Shall be as bars in law,  
 But all alike shall have the floor—  
 Like inspiration draw.

Thus Women's Rights may soon come now,  
 And then from East to West,  
 They'll cast their votes, and speed the plow,  
 With infants at the breast.

Ma STANTON yet may run for Judge,  
 And grand-ma MOTT the same,  
 Then SUSAN ne'er from home will budge,  
 And PHILLIPS lose his fame.

With dress the same and waterfall,  
 And whiskers on the face,  
 The rights of one—the rights of all—  
 We'll be a happy race.

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\* Written upon reading the Proceedings, &c. of the late Equal Rights Convention in New York.



Then all will have like work to do,  
 The same with every man—  
 They 'll have their rights, and children too,  
 And raise them—best they can.

Fair ANNA will domesticate,  
 With pins and pinafore,  
 And brother MAY his zeal abate,  
 And travel round no more.

Then LUCY, too, with dress of black,  
 Will swift for Congress run ;  
 In Bloomer rig will fleet the track,  
 And soon the race have won.

PILLSBURY P. will then retire,  
 And seek some sylvan shade—  
 SOJOURNER TRUTH her throngs inspire,  
 And prejudice shall fade.

“ HOLMES' Patriot Songs,” throughout the land  
 They 'll sing in every cot,  
 And all will live a joyous band,  
 With happiness their lot.



## Notices by the Press.

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"PERSONAL.—Yesterday we had the pleasure of meeting Judge Holmes of Syracuse, otherwise known as 'Bard of the Oil Regions,' 'Syracuse Bard,' etc. Our readers will recollect reading in our columns two years since, some Oil Songs from his pen, while in the pursuit of oily happiness. His productions in verse at that time became very popular, and attained a marked celebrity.

We learn Judge H. has in preparation a book of Patriotic Songs for the coming campaign, and that his business here is to procure the stereotyping of his work. A glance at their pages reveals a highly patriotic and truly loyal sentiment pervading them all, adapted to popular and familiar tunes, and well fitted to them. Allowing us to pass judgment in advance, they are bound to become immensely popular, and have a wide circulation."—*Rochester Democrat*.

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"THE POET LAUREATE.—Have we a great poet among us? We have. We are proud to answer affirmatively. Syracuse has become classic. The fact heretofore, has not been generally known; but hereafter, Syracuse will take its place with Abbotsford, and Newstead, and Statford-on-Avon. The immortal Holmes has arisen 'like a giant refreshed with new wine.' It is not Oliver W.—at first we thought it was—but it is not. It is S. N., who has seized the laurel crown. The Holmes are a poetic family. Massachusetts has boasted of her Holmes; she will do so no more. The Empire State is still the Empire State."—*Syracuse Courier and Union*.

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"HOLMES' PATRIOTIC SONGS.—In the literary field we are informed that Judge Holmes, of our city, has nearly ready for the press a work with the above title, especially prepared for the coming campaign. It is his rare genius to combine in his felicitous style of composition, wit, sarcasm, humor and patriotism with signal ability."—*Syracuse Daily Standard*.

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HOLMES' PATRIOTIC SONGS.—A book of songs for coming political campaigns has been published by S. N. Holmes, of Syracuse. There are twenty-seven ballads, all original, singing the praise of universal liberty, the conquest of Freedom in the war, hitting severely, or with fine touches of humor, the disloyalty and treachery of Copperheads, the recreancy and obstinate folly of Johnson, and treating



various patriotic themes in a very pleasing manner. These songs are adapted to popular airs, and are calculated to rouse enthusiasm, and add to the fervor of political assemblages. The song on "Reconstruction" begins with this verse :

Rebellion's grist with all its woe,  
Can never more combine ;  
Our Union Mill, though grinding slow,  
Will surely grind it fine ;  
Our Union Mill, though grinding slow,  
Will surely grind it fine.

A song entitled "Liberty's School," sung to the air "Old Grumble is Dead," begins thus :

Rebellion is crushed, down under the rod,  
Hem—ha—down under the rod—  
Which Freemen brought forth from out of the North,  
Hem—ha—out of the North.

Every Republican singer should have a copy of this song book.—*Rochester Evening Express*.

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THE NEW POLITICAL AND PATRIOTIC SONG BOOK.—The song book, of which Mr. S. N. Holmes, of Syracuse, is the author, and which was noticed in our columns the other day, is already meeting with an extensive sale. It contains nearly sixty pages of original compositions by Mr. Holmes, and the songs are of such a character as to be highly popular. Most of them are set to popular tunes which are familiar to all who are capable of singing at all. The work is sold for twenty-five cents. The first edition is said to be nearly exhausted. The songs are not of a partisan character.—*Rochester Democrat*.

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HOLMES' PATRIOTIC SONGS.—By S. N. Holmes, of Syracuse—Dedicated to "the fallen heroes" of our late war. A pamphlet for coming campaigns, embracing wit, patriotism and genius, and the words adapted to the best popular music.—*Moore's Rural New Yorker*.

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HOLMES' PATRIOTIC SONGS.—Our readers will remember several days since we referred to a book in press with the above title, by Judge Holmes, of our city. We have just had placed on our table by the author a copy of the first edition of the work. It is gotten up in the very neatest style, and stereotyped, and is highly creditable to the author and publisher. It contains nearly sixty pages of printed matter, all his original compositions, and is sold at the extremely low price of twenty-five cents per copy. An additional attraction, is the selection of popular and familiar



tunes, such as "Antioch," "Bonnie Blue Flag," "I'm monarch of all I survey," "When I can read my title clear," "Tramp, tramp," "Hark, from the Tombs," "Rally round the Flag, Boys," "Come to the Sunset Tree," and others, which seem to have an especial adaptation to the songs themselves, a number of them alone being worth the price of the book. We learn that a second edition will soon be issued, the first being already nearly exhausted, when all our citizens can obtain copies, and as we have no doubt they will. It is a noticeable fact of their popularity, that all buy them regardless of party predilections. We bespeak for them an immense circulation.—*Syracuse Standard*.

HOLMES' PATRIOTIC SONGS.—We have to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of "Patriotic Songs, for Coming Campaigns," by our well known townsman, S. N. Holmes, Esq., whose poetic effusions in the oil regions, some two or three years ago, were held in such repute. The present publication contains twenty-seven of his best productions, is handsomely printed, and afforded at the low price of twenty-five cents. We hope soon to hear of the absorption of the first edition by the reading and patriotic public, and of the immediate issue of another.—*Syracuse Daily Journal*.

PATRIOTIC SONGS.—Judge S. N. Holmes, of Syracuse, has written and published a collection of songs for use in coming political campaigns. They are alike humorous and patriotic; but we are afraid the Copperhead Democracy will refuse to sing them. Judge Holmes is known as the "Bard of Syracuse."—*The Independent*.

*From Prof. Pope, the Great Vocalist of America.*

PITTSBURGH, 6th Aug., 1867.

S. N. HOLMES—*Sir*: I received to-day a copy of your Song Book, and am much obliged to you for it.

I took much pleasure in reading *your patriotic* feelings set to music, and written in a *very* fine style of verse, and I hope for the good of *our* cause, that your book may fall into the hands of *all* those who love their country.

It has been said by some one, "That the Sword is mighty, but not so great as Song," and I believe it to be true; for while the Sword can only slay, Song can conquer without the loss of blood. Give *me* a song of pathos and wit, and I will ask no other shield.

Wishing you may live to hear your Songs sung in every State of the Union,

I remain, yours truly,

J. WILLIAM POPE.



BEAVER DAM, Wis., July 23, 1867.

\* \* "I think the work well adapted to the design, and hope it will have, as it deserves, an extensive circulation."

A. SCOTT SLOAN, M. C.

STERLING, Mass., July 26, 1867.

*My Dear Sir* : \* \* "Your lines ring true—I trust they will do good service. Such are a potent enginery."

S. N. HOLMES, Esq.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Here is a very good hit at Stanberry :

"A great Solon's digested the law, etc."

The best song in the book is: "Treason's Fate," to the tune of "A Thousand Years, etc."—*Daily Pantagraph, Bloomington, Ill.*

"HOLMES' PATRIOTIC SONGS FOR COMING CAMPAIGNS.—Mr. Holmes is premature in publishing his Song Book for next year now, but for all that their manifest patriotism and lively measures have nearly disposed of a large edition."—*Chicago Journal.*

HOLMES' PATRIOTIC SONGS.—We have here another Tennyson, who merely dallies with the muses, reserving his greatest intellectual powers for the legal forum whenever a brief comes in,—then he brings forward the lore he has gathered from Blackstone, Kent and Storey, refined in his own alembic, in a manner that produces envy, we hear, at the Syracuse bar. Mr. Holms' style is *sui generis*, thoroughly patriotic, and at times terribly severe.—*Fayetteville Recorder.*

THE COMING POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.—The conclusion of the contest for freedom and equal rights for all classes of men—and likewise women—has its songs already provided. Mr. S. N. Holmes, of Syracuse, has written and published a series of Patriotic Songs, devoted to "Union and Liberty." The songs are far better than average campaign verses. The author is variously known as the "Bard of the Oil Regions," "Syracuse Bard," and the "Poet Laureate."—*Binghamton Republican.*

HOLMES' PATRIOTIC SONGS.—Judge Holmes, of Syracuse, well known for his fine poetic ability, is out with a collection of songs of a patriotic and political character, which will be in demand during the fall campaign. The songs are well adapted to all the tunes most popular at political meetings, and are much superior to most of the doggerel in common use at such gatherings. They are very spirited, and are de-



signed to raise the enthusiasm of loyal men to the highest pitch. Every body expecting to attend political meetings will need a copy.—*Rochester Express*.

POLITICAL AND PATRIOTIC SONGS.—Mr. S. N. Holmes, of Syracuse, has just published a collection of songs for the coming political campaigns, some of which are patriotic and humorous. The author is somewhat celebrated as a writer of songs of this class.—*Ovid Bee*.

PATRIOTIC SONGS.—We are in receipt of a volume of Patriotic Campaign Songs, published by S. N. Holmes, of Syracuse. The collection comprises songs descriptive of and concerning many events which have transpired in this country during the past few years. Persons desiring a patriotic song book cannot do better than procure this publication.—*Fulton Patriot*.

CAMPAIGN SONGS.—I have been favored with a copy of "Holmes' Patriotic Songs." The author with a true appreciation of the saying, "Let me but make the song for a people, and I care not who make their laws," or something similar, has an object in his verse "for coming campaigns." These "songs" reflect the true spirit of Republican principles.—*Albany Correspondent Syracuse Journal*.

Politische Gedichte. Durch die Güte des beliebten „Judge“ Holmes erhielten wir ein Exemplar seiner poetischen Ausgabe von Gesängen für die politische Campagne. Herr Holmes hat mit diesen satyrischen Versen auf Johnson und Consorten, wie mit seinem ernsten Ideengang auf die Helden der letzten Ereignisse unserer Republik bewiesen, daß er sich aufs Reimen versteht. Nur war er etwas voreilig mit Aufstellung der Präsidentschaftscandidaten. Doch sei ihm dieser Schritt verziehen—Dichter müssen die Zukunft wie die Vergangenheit zitiren können. Das Büchlein mit seiner reichen Auswahl von Gedichten ist für den geringen Preis von 25 Cents zu beziehen. (Syracuse Union.)







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